

The contention of the two famous Houses,

K. Edw. I, if thou say I to my request,
No, if thou say no to my demand.

Lady. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

Glo. The widdow likes him not, she bends the brow.

Cla. Why he is the bluntest wooer in Christendome.

K. Edw. Her lookes are all replete with maiesty,
One way or other she is for a King,

And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.

Say that King *Edward* tooke thee for his Queene.

Lady. Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King Edw. Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake
No more then what my heart intends,
And that is to enioy thee for my Loue.

Lady. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K. Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

La. Your grace would be loath my sons shold call you father.

K. Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some children,
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing
To be the Father of many children.

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Cla. When he was made a shriuer, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange
If I should marry her.

Cla. Marry her my Lord, to whom?

K. Edw. Why *Clarence* to my selfe.

Glo. That would be ten dayes wonder at the least.

Cla. Why that's a day longer then a wonder lasts.

Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, ieaft on brothers, I can tell you, her

of Torke and Lancaster.

Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. And it please your grace, *Henry* your foe is
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your Pallace gates.

K. Edw. Away with him, and send him to the Tower,
And lets go question with the man about
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse
This Lady honourably.

Exeunt omnes.

Manet Gloster, and speakes.

Glo. I, *Edward* will vse women honorably,
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no issue might succeed,
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*,
And his sonne, and all they looke for issue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe.
A cold premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a Ladies lap,
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for I should not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plac'd an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where sits deformity to mocke my body,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe,
To make my legs of an vnequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twenty crownes.
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,
I cry content, to that which greeues me most.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,

N 3

And